

## Daily Eagle

### FRENCH-EVERSOLE

A Feud of Long Standing That Has Broken Out Again.

A HISTORY OF THE TROUBLE.

The Contest Waged for a Time Under the Gentle Influences of Two Revivalists, but the Good Word Was, Unfortunately, Not a Lasting One.

The French-Eversole feud has broken out again in Kentucky. At Hazard, the place where and near where the two factions have for a long time been murdering each other, on the 15th of November, the circuit court convened, and the regular judge not being present, the bar elected a substitute, Miss Wills, George Eversole came into town with fifteen armed men. Most of them were under bond to appear at court, so nothing was thought of it. The gang increased gradually to thirty members. Only a few of the French party were in the town.



AN INCIDENT OF THE FEUD.

One evening an Eversole fired on a French man, who was standing near the court house. Both men were soon joined by others of their faction and a lively fight ensued, in which two Eversoles were killed. Then came a lull, after which B. F. French entered the town with reinforcements. The next morning at daylight the fight was renewed from behind breastworks. After about an hour the Eversole party retreated, leaving their dead on the field. There were two Eversoles killed and several wounded. One French man was wounded. As the Eversole party occupied the court house the court vanished when the firing commenced.

The Hatfield-McCoy vendetta, in West Virginia, and the French-Eversole vendetta, in Kentucky, have been for years. Both parties have defied the state authority. Governors have attempted to bring the civil power to bear upon these factions without avail. But about a year ago a trial of persuasive force was made, in which Eversole's fable of the contest between the wind and the sun found a partial illustration. Eversole's fable, it will be remembered, says that the wind and the sun made trial to see which could first make a man take off his cloak. The wind first blew a terrible blast. The man only wrapped his cloak the closer about him. Then the sun came out from behind a cloud and diffused a pleasant warmth, whereupon the man took off his coat and carried it to his arm. What the strong arm of the law could not accomplish by force, two unarmed evangelists succeeded in doing by pointing out the sin.

The feud, it is said, began (though accounts of its origin are conflicting) several years ago, upon the story of a young man named May, who was employed by an Eversole. The story is that May suspected his employer of intimacy with Mrs. May. The husband did not take the law into his own hands and shoot the man who had injured his domestic happiness, but he told a man named French about it. French kept a little store in the same town as Eversole, and he and some of his neighbors used to sit around the store and talk over May's injury. Soon after the Frenches and Eversoles became arrayed against each other and frequent affairs took place. French hired a small army, which he paid and fed armed.

There were forty or fifty men in his ranks armed with Springfield rifles and revolvers. Most of the people of the town, however, sympathized with Eversole, and his son had as large an army as the opposing French. Their stores, which were the headquarters of each, were at either end of the town, and pickets were thrown forward on the roads intervening. These pickets would assume themselves firing at each other, but no one was hurt till a farmer, an Eversole, after drinking heavily, declared he would kill any French man who interfered with him, and then rode out through a ravine to receive a French bullet.

This set the country in a turmoil. The courts took the matter up, but were not powerful enough to make an arrest. Murders continued after this. The number of killed steadily increased until thirteen men were slain, though with so much firing why all were not killed does not appear. French, the leader of his faction, is a little man with slender manners and stooping shoulders. His chief of staff was one Snake County called "Reddy" Snake to distinguish him from four other "Combs"—"Yankee" Snake, "Black" Snake, "Young" Snake in boy, and "Blinky" Snake, who has been killed in the war of the factions. All the families at Hazard but one sympathize with the Eversoles. But the town is very small and the people very ignorant. Hazard has about 500 inhabitants, a brick court house and a log jail, though what neither is nobody can tell. There is neither a church nor a school house.

After an affray during the latter part of last year, or near the 1st of January, 1889.

## "A Priceless Blessing."

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is the best remedy for Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, and all the sudden Throat and Lung Troubles to which young people are subject. Keep this medicine in the house. Hon. C. Edwards Lester, late U. S. Consul to Italy, and author of various popular works, writes: "With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, in any day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral within 24 hours. Of course I have never allowed my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to a vast number of persons; while in cases of pulmonary inflammation in children, it has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light, airy, quiet doses. Properly administered, it is a priceless blessing in any house."

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents per bottle.

The feud was transferred to Hindman, in Knox county. This was by no means a pleasant acquisition for the inhabitants of Hindman. The town was full of armed men, and people were afraid to go on the streets. Matters were in a terrible condition when, one day about the middle of January, 1889, two Methodist evangelists, the Rev. G. D. Hyden and the Rev. A. L. McClure, went to Hindman to see what they could do toward stopping the feud. They announced that they would hold religious meetings, that they had heard of the many murders, and had come to preach the religion of Jesus Christ. They begged those who had taken part in the vendetta to attend.

The people were inclined to laugh at the reverend gentlemen, but went to the meetings. They had no confidence in the evangelists' ability to check the mad career of men who have such names as "Red Mule" Smith, "Bad Bill" Smith, Bob Proffitt, Anderson Coldiron and others. Nevertheless many of the men were at the meetings. The first night Clabe Jones, "Red Mule" Smith, and "Bad Bill" Smith were in attendance, and the church was crowded. "Red Mule" said he had heard "them preachers was agoin' to talk about the fightin', and he wanted to see if they had enough nerve to say anything agoin' the boys."

These people have a great respect for ministers, and the meeting was perfectly orderly. Mr. Hyden spoke first. He made no difference between the Frenches and the Eversoles; told them that they were all murderers, and unless they repented they would surely go to hell. Pointing his finger at "Red Mule" Smith he spoke to him as follows: "I have been told that you are one of the worst men in all this country. It has been your boast to count the number of your murders, and prove that they exceed those of any other man in the mountains. For you, bloody sinner, the torture of the damned were especially invented."

"Red Mule" Smith was startled and shrunk back. Then the congregation sang a hymn and Mr. McClure began some remarks which showed the enormity of the sin as unpardonable as Mr. Hyden had shown it. The next night there was an increased attendance. On the fifth night an Eversole man, Clarke Jones, the jailer of the county and a murderer at the same time, rose from his seat and went forward. He publicly confessed how his heart had been touched by the minister, who had shown him how great a sinner he was.

He asked the Lord to forgive him, and said that he would murder no more. As the meetings progressed nearly every one in Hindman experienced religion and joined the church. Anderson Coldiron and Bob Proffitt both became Methodists. "Red Mule" Smith and "Bad Bill" Smith left the town. After two weeks' preaching at Hindman the evangelists went to Hazard, where they inaugurated a series of meetings with the same effect as at Hindman.

It was hoped at the time of this work that the feud would be dropped. But unfortunately it has broken out again with renewed vigor. Perhaps the evangelists will go again into the jaws of death and again remind the contestants of the enormity of their sin.

## WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BLOOM?

He Dropped \$34,000 at a Little Game in Chicago.

There has lately been one of those big amateur games at cards in Chicago, which occasionally come to the surface as an indicator of what goes on among certain wealthy business men. On election day, in that city, three gentlemen found of themselves with an enormous sum of money in their pockets, the result of the board of trade. There were C. H. Singer, of Dupes, Swartz & Co.; C. H. Smith, of C. H. Smith & Co.; and Leopold Bloom, all board of trade magnates. They went to the Bohemian club, in rear of a saloon known as "Dutch Henry's," to while away the time.

Mr. Bloom remarked that he would like to try his hand at faro; so it was arranged that Messrs. Singer and Smith should play bankers, and the three having been provided with the necessary implements, sat down to have a small game, at which Mr. Bloom bet against the bank. For some time the game went on with a light, but as the bank won, Mr. Bloom enlarged his ventures, all the while encountering a singular run of ill luck. In vain did he try all the expedients known to card players, and in vain did he double up to take advantage of an expected change. It was an off day for Mr. Bloom. When he retired from the game he had lost \$34,000.

Fortunately for Mr. Bloom, he is not a confidential clerk, trusted with the care of considerable funds, but a rich man, indeed, all the men engaged in the afternoon's amusement are rich men. The money was paid over the next day, and in the saloon in rear of which the game took place champagne flowed like water. The persons interested regarded the affair as simply a pleasant episode. The changing of wealth from one person's bank to another is an ordinary event in the lives of all of them—indeed, a daily routine. While engaged in speculative pursuits money loses its value in the eyes of the speculators, and men who are accustomed to make or lose hundreds of thousands on a rise or fall of wheat would not be likely to feel uncomfortable over \$34,000 on an afternoon's amusement. Quite likely before long it will pass back into the pockets of Mr. Bloom.

At Midnight.

Stouder—Excuse me, sir, but that is not a letter box you are trying to put that letter in. It's the alarm box.

Rounder—Who said it was a letter box? (Hic.) I want to send a note to ze fireman sayin' there ain't a fire here, who's business is it? (Hic.) Where's your letter box?—Grip.

Heard Krown's Last Cry.

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## BYRNES ON BUNCO

The Kind of Man Mr. Goebler Stacked Up Against.

TRAPS FOR THE COUNTRYMAN.

They Are Set Most Ingeniously by the Sharps of the City of New York—How the Police Watch and Sometimes Frustrate Them.



THE stranger from some quiet, moral district, where he has grown up with little knowledge of crimes of violence, and none at all with fraud beyond the petty cheating customary in bars, New York appears to be a paradise of swindlers and villains in general. If that same stranger, before he might happen to New York, should read the metropolitan dailies for a time, his impression, false as it is, would be fully confirmed in his mind, and when he would visit the town he would feel like bringing his bulldog, a faithful gun and an extra amount of cunning and reserve along with him. Perhaps he might do it, but his dog would be caught by the catchers and taken to the pound; his gun would be confiscated after he had paid a fine for carrying it with him, and his reserve would melt away and his cunning be overhauled by the police. In a matter of fact, the chances of his getting a good chance are considerably less than the chances of his being robbed and murdered in his own home. And this is by no means owing to any perspicacity on the part of our friend, but because no skillful bunco man can go abroad in New York city without being watched by four or five of them, and in consequence of this his little game is almost certain to be interrupted by the police.

Observe again, please, that I say almost certain. It is an unfortunate fact that our police force is not perfect, nor omniscient, nor infallible. Very few things are, as to New York city. It is also a fact that the protection of the unwary is so ample, that unless some unusual thing happens, or unless our friend is a particularly capable idiot, he is as safe in New York as he would be at home.

Our friend, however, is not a particularly capable idiot, and he is as safe in New York as he would be at home.

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something about every man who is not a New Yorker that makes it as easy to pick him out as it is to distinguish a lamp post from a telegraph pole. Nobody has ever explained clearly what this is, but every New Yorker recognizes it instantly. In some way our friend proclaims by his appearance that he is a stranger. It may be by his dress or by his walk, or by his bewilderment at some crowded corner, where dozens of trains and hundreds of pedestrians are crowded together in what our friend thinks hopeless confusion, all trying to push their way along the narrow space left after the electric subway opening has partially blocked both street and sidewalk.

The spider, recognizing our friend at once as the fly, approaches him. "How do you do, Mr. Johnson? When did you leave Pittsburgh?" It is precisely at this point that the most astute bunco steerer may be easily checked. If the intended victim refuses to talk, or in any way to correct the error which our friend pretends to make, he is safe. If, however, he follows the natural impulse and says, "I am not Mr. Johnson, and I don't live in Pittsburgh. My name is John Wayback and I live near Podunk," the impostor will apologize and retire in pretended confusion. Then the confederate comes up and greets Mr. Wayback, introducing himself as a nephew of some prominent man in Podunk, and claiming to have known Wayback in that place.

If our friend Wayback believes this story and accompanies his old acquaintance (B), as he will be invited to do, he will pretty surely become a victim. He will be led under some pretense into a room, where two or three confederates will in some way get his money away from him. Either he will be induced to bet on three card monte (a favorite game, though not followed by the bunco men now as often as formerly), or he will be asked to gamble in some bogus lottery or other "skin game," or, if he won't gamble, some way will be found to induce him to show his money or put it up in the hands of one of the gang as a matter of fact, the bunco men, in case all these fail, our friend is exceedingly likely to have his head broken and his money taken away. The ingenious schemes that are put up to induce the victim to think he is rational in showing his money or parting with it are numerous and various, but none of them are likely to impose on a man who has his wits about him.

The man who has his wits about him, however, as Inspector Byrnes said to me, is not likely to get into the clutches of these scoundrels. If he does go to one of their rooms and is alone with three or four of them, he will be they will have his money before he will get out. If they can't get it by trickery they will take it with violence.

"What is the real extent of danger from bunco in New York now?" I asked of the inspector, after we had chatted over the details of what is written above. "There is very little, indeed," he replied, "though, of course, with the rascals continually looking out for victims, they do once in a while pick one up. That is inevitable. We cannot prevent all crime, though we have gone a long way toward making this particular form of it impossible here."

"How have you done it?" "We have driven out all the experts. You have read of more bunco cases lately in other cities than in New York, haven't you? Yes. Well, that is because they can't do business here. Hungary Joe is serving a seven years term in Baltimore. Grand Central Pete is locked up under indictment in Brooklyn, and nearly all the others are scattered around the country. Any one that stays here knows that he is under close surveillance and he does not try the game."

"But what is to prevent any criminal from trying it?" "The same thing that prevents a baker from making shoes—ignorance. Bunco is a fine art in crime, and there are really only a very few experts in this art. We know them all, and know where they are. Of course, they have confederates, and usually, of course, there are plenty of men who are unscrupulous enough to bunco a man, but they haven't the skill. It must be an artist who shall succeed at it."

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## A Tale of Misdirected Philanthropy.



"Tommy, take this broken pitcher and throw it in the ash barrel."

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"I broke de pitcher, an' me mother'll beat me when 'er git home."

"Well, here is a quarter. Go and buy another."

"Jimmie! I worked dat for all it was worth."

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